

From Isaac Ball's Recollections

The Colonnade

Senior Class Edition

Georgia State College for Women

Volume 4 Milledgeville, Ga., Feb. 11, 1929 Number 8

Dedication

To the Seniors who have just gone,
To the Seniors who have just come,
And to those who are still here
We affectionately dedicate
this issue
of

THE COLONNADE

Believing that,
as in the words of our motto,
It is

"Not what we've won but
How we've played the game"
That constitutes a successful college life
as embodied in the characters
of

our three presidents
MARY JANE PARKER
CLEO JENKINS
CAROLINE CHENEY

—The Staff.

SENIOR CLASS SONG

(Tune: "You're Just a Flower From an Old Bouquet.")

Our childhood days are over
And we've begun anew,
To travel on the journey farther
To knowledge that is new.
The things of tomorrow
Depend on what we do
We're striving forever
To hold the standard true.

CHORUS

We're just a Senior Class at G. S. C.
We're striving hard to gain a victory,
Here on our campus we will do our best
For dear old G. S. C.
When Senior class of '29 comes to bid
adieu to you,
We hope that all will say with hearts glad
and spirits gay,
That class was true.

And now at our college
We're learning every day,
That we can always be happy,
At work or at our play.
We love you our college
With standards so high
To keep them Alma Mater,
We always shall try—



CAROLINE CHENEY
Carrollton, Georgia
President of the Senior Class

Editorials

LIFE IS WORK. WORK HARD AND BE HAPPY.
J. L. BEESON

WONDER

(Apologies to Nancy Buckley)

So shaken with grief was I,
So full of broken dreams,
So suffocated by hills, the sky,
The trees, the shadowy streams,
That I was fain to overcome
The hurt that I had known
But found in many a quiet heart
Wounds deeper than my own.

—ESSIE BELL RUSSELL

SENIORS

It would be much easier for me to fill several pages of the Colonnade with my appreciation of the Senior class and the joy and inspiration its members have been to me, than to attempt to condense it into "a few sentences." It is such a splendid class in every way!

Loyalty, graciousness of spirit, a fine sense of responsibility and joyousness are some of the characteristics that I have been most aware of in my association with the Seniors.

Both as individuals and as a group, they have had a vital part in creating the fine spirit that is on our campus.

Through their earnest, constant work, and interpretation of the Y. W. C. A. purpose in their daily living, the Seniors

have been a true inspiration and a light unto many of us.

"Stained glass windows make the light
Like songs of beauty from the sun,"
Life has shone through Seniors like that
To Freshmen, me, and everyone."

ANNIE MOORE DAUGHTRY.

"WE"

In the autumn of nineteen hundred and twenty-five, we, an eager, green, knowledge seeking five hundred, came to this campus. Confident of our unequaled originality we "launched the Freshman Ship." Through the leadership of Mary Jane Parker became a harmonious unit, ever rallying to any cause of the green and white!

During that first year we sponsored, as our class gift, the painting of the portrait of Dr. M. M. Parks. This portrait, hanging now in the auditorium, is the one endeavor in which our class justly places the utmost pride.

It is advised one should not be the first by whom the new is tried, nor the last to lay the old aside. Still it has been our privilege to be among the first to use the Arts building, the New Dormitory and annexes, the auditorium and heating plant. And too, we consider it a distinction that we were the last to lay aside the stately black robes, the Sunday white shirt and skirt and the name Senior Normal.

This last Senior Normal class, it should be mentioned, presented Handel's Messiah under the direction of Miss Tucker.

Because of its characteristic spirit of loyalty, steadfastness and fairness, and the capability of its presidents, Mary Jane Parker and Cleo Jenkins, the class of '29 holds the record in inter-class competition. We were "thrice" victors of the inter-class debates and twice the winner of the major athletic event, field day.

And in the words of our class song:

"When Senior Class of '29 comes
To bid adieu to you,
We hope that all can say
With hearts glad and spirits gay,
That class was true!"

THE COLONNADE

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SISTER CLASS

You do not censure us nor blame
For things we've done or left undone,
Nor do you seek undying fame
For battles fought and won.
You've worked with zest and earnestness,
Your courage is undaunted
And when you did achieve success
Your pride you never flaunted.
You only set your goals still higher
And gladly faced the task before you.
For you we play on our heart's lyre,
Seniors, we all adore you.

The Sophomores.

THE LAST LAP

What counts most in running a race? Certainly the determines the winning, that last lap, that final effort to gain the goal is the thing that really counts. No matter how spectacular the beginning is, if the runner fails in the final sprint, the race is lost.

There is nothing new in the comparison of a college career to a race run in four laps. The present Senior class made a fine beginning, and it has kept true to its goal so far. Now we are on the last lap. This year's work will determine whether we shall win the goal wholly or only partly. It is now that we must gather all our wind for a final sprint toward the end. We must not fall behind; we must not fail. This is the last lap.

CHANGE

A brilliant sunset,
Ethereal, fragile flames!
Shortlived, burning, free,
Breathless, unbearable ecstasy!

Slow shadows,
Ethereal grey ashes.
Soft, blue, twilight clouds,
Cool peace and rest.

—Frances Christie.

Message to the Seniors

Ennis Hall February 5, 1929

Dear Colonnade Readers:

It was with genuine pleasure, as well as some misgivings, that I acquiesced to a request from the group composing the staff of the Senior issue of the Colonnade, to write a few lines for publication. It is understood, of course, that G. S. C. comprises my world, with the exception of "my family," consisting of two wonderful girls and their husbands, (whom I call my sons, because the word "in-law" isn't in my vocabulary,) and my little grandchild. She talks to me about having read things before I (the grandmother) was born. And when I press her to give me an idea of the exact time, she says she thinks it was "before the Civil War"; or again, she narrates some marvelous happening of which she "read in the Bible." However, this was not to be chronicles of the small, immediate family, so I trust you will pardon my arrogance in bringing them before you. I was supposed to write a letter relative to our big "college family."

First comes Cooperation, then Loyalty, Personality and many others—a veritable pageant of wonderful things, and I spell them with capital letters, because they have been capitalized in our college life, and rightly so. And because we have stressed these things so diligently, is the very reason for our steady expansion and success. And so it is from the standpoint of success that I shall ask you to think with me.

Now what is success builded upon? First, faith in ourselves, and the will to "carry on." Second, we must believe

in the thing (or things) we are doing. Third, we must be kind, generous, and friendly; looking for the spark of good which every one possesses, and trying not to magnify the bad, which is "in the best of us." And I for one, believe our campus is composed, for the most part, of those who have the correct outlook on life. And why shouldn't we have it? We come, no doubt, like a "conquering hero," ready for the "big adventure," and after arrival, can but keep the vision. For we have it held before us daily, by precept and example, beginning with our beloved President, and coming steadily down the line, from one official to another, until we reach the most reserved freshman in our midst, and even there we will find the real spirit of G. S. C. already beginning to flourish. The qualities mentioned above seem to "spring eternal" in each new group as they come to us, and we know this is brought about because of the foundation which has been prepared before their coming, and which is ever being gone over and repaired when necessary, and certainly growing stronger each year, because of deeper experience and broader knowledge.

We have more than one hundred Seniors in this class of '29. They are an interesting group and their expressions give evidence of successful courses, of time well invested, and of broadened visions. I think we have cause to be exceedingly proud of the Seniors and the whole student body.

Here's to continued success, Seniors! May you ever "aim high and consider yourselves capable of great things."

Faithfully yours,
ETHEL BEAMAN, (ALIAS "MRS. B.")

SLANG

Slang words may be called "words that pass in the night"—transient words—that are in the mouths of many today, but are supplanted by another wise crack tomorrow. They issue forth from the speech incubator, are popular for a brief period, then are forgotten.

Probably the most fertile sources of these words are cartoonists, columnists, and gag men of the moving pictures—but most of all, the campus of the carefree student's "So's your old man," "necking," "petting," "dim box" are humorous and catchy but they have no meaning. They are only motes of the moment. Why are such words given "standing room" in the gem boxes of words? Because one word out of a thousand of these will come forth and become a lasting member of good speech.

These eager collegiates are ready to take up any word

which will add to their "language." "Bunk" is derived from a remark made by a member of Congress, from Buncombe County, North Carolina, who said he was talking "only for Buncombe"—or showy utterance for effect.

Yet some of these slang words may enter the dictionary—in time. "Dumb-bell," "high brow," and to "crash," in the sense of breaking into a party or game without an invitation, seem sure to be recorded.

Do not worry about this most prevalent type of barbarism. These cartoonists and columnists have to live. Should they be criticized for using this chatter to iron the wrinkles out of their purses?

Although much of the slang of today is likely to be used by the writers of the future generation, very little will ever mar the pages of our dictionaries by their informal en-

G. S. C. W.
For the Alumnae!

Alumnae

The Alumnae
For G. S. C. W.

LOOKING FORWARD

It was the month of June. I was weary and sat musing alone, thinking of many things. I fell asleep there and dreamed.

In my dream I beheld a campus. From the chapel on that campus issued forth a long line of maidens dressed in robes that clothed them in dignity and distinction. The long line wound across the campus to the wide flung gate. As each maiden neared the gate, I saw that she bore in her hand a book of knowledge. As she came to the gate, I saw her lift her head and lift shining eyes looking forward eagerly to see what lay beyond. As she reached the gate itself and issued thru its arch, she passed out of the pleasant light of sunshine and cool shade of the campus into the dust and glare of the road that led to the World-Beyond.

And, behold, as each maiden walked in this road she came to the walled country of the World-Beyond and up to the great gate of entrance into that country.

As I watched, she reached up and knocked for entrance at the ponderous portal and its gates swung wide and I saw the maiden bend forward with eagerness to see within, anxious to behold the land that lay inside its walls.

The vista that met her eyes was vast and varied in its aspect, a country with roads and highways going outward and onward, far beyond the distance that her forward look could pierce.

As each maiden stood, hesitating there, trying to decide how to choose her way from the many outspread at her feet, I saw two figures approach her. One clad in somber garments with a face lighted from an inner radiance laid a hand upon her arm, saying in clear tones: "Follow me. My name is Duty, and I will show thee a way that leads thru service and self sacrifice to peace and content and to final fulfillment of all that is best. Sometimes the way may lead thru shadows and deep valleys of depression, but it will emerge into the sunlight of satisfaction and the broad expanse of peace. Sometimes the way will lead thru the mountain passes of struggle and linger along the desert of monotony, but these will end in the glorious peak of perfection. Follow me for I will point thee to the only true way of life."

Before she had ceased speaking, I looked and beheld the second figure which seemed to glide without effort up to the maiden's side. I heard her say in a high joyous voice full of enticing melody, "Follow me. I am Pleasure. I will lead thee into the paths of indulgence and self gratification. I will show thee where all life's treasures are, where happi-

ness may be had without struggle. My ways are pleasant and easy, they lead down hill and away."

But before she could tell where the way of Pleasure led, the clear voice of Duty came with sweet cadence to the maiden's ears, saying—"Yea, verily her ways are easy, but the end of her way is death, while the end of the way of Duty is Life Eternal."

The maiden gazed at each and I saw that she took her book of knowledge and opened it and as she read, I looked upon the page and saw within there:

"To every soul there openeth a high way, and a low.

And the high souls choose the high way

And the low souls choose the low.

And in between on the misty flats

The rest grope to and fro.

To every soul there openeth a high way, and a low,

And each must choose for himself

The way his soul must go."

KEEPING THE FAITH

"To you from faltering hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high."

The torch of trust that we, the members of the Alumnae Association, pass on to you, dear Senior Class, is one that must never be allowed to flicker from the draughts of indifference. The fire that kindled this flame was one of love and service to our Alma Mater. Dare we smother its radiance lest one Alumna lose her chance to share in the work that is so near to her heart? The years pass on and our hope is that as you enter these years the rays of our light may be carried into a never ending circle of influence that is permeated with the spirit of our G. S. C.

Into the most inner circle of our Association we invite you, each and all, who with the honor as a graduate or a former student of the Georgia State College for Women, take your place beside those who would keep the faith in maintaining the spirit of loyalty to our Alma Mater. It is our purpose to render effective contacts between Alumnae and the college, to strengthen Alumnae friendships, to perpetuate memories of college associations, and to advance her strength and properly.

Again, the command of thousands of Alumnae voices—

"Be yours to hold it high."

A silence—then the stout reply—

"We keep the faith."

ECHOES

Definition—Echoes—

"The repeating of the word or opinion of others."

Application—

1. Lila Louise Mills, president class '24 as Mrs. Carl B. Ponder of New Orleans, La., resounds this message—"Speaking of marriage, I'm fully convinced that married life is the only life—you should see my fun in trying to cook." I suppose from force of habit formed at G. S. C. Mrs. Ponder is marshaling her kitchen force to the tune of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers."

2. Ellen McKee '26 now of Daytona Beach, Fla., sends this bit of news. "I saw Mary Jo Key at the football game Saturday, but she was gone before I could get to her after the game. This is my third year here and it has been wonderful. I know what G. S. C. can mean to girls and I hope my Freshmen friends will find that spirit still."

3. Mary Ethel Powers, Greensboro, N. C. says "I long for news of G. S. C., Please write."

4. Mrs. Gerald Armentrout (Jim Weeks), '26. Hope schedules are all settled for the new semester. How I do remember those puzzling days!"

5. And from Fayetteville, N. C., Rebecca Higgison writes—"I always miss G. S. C. especially with the beginning of new semesters."

6. Sollie Powel now Mrs. Mower Singley sends an immediate call—"Send Colonnade as soon as possible. I get hungry for G. S. C. news."

Results—

Members of the Alumnae Association and students of G. S. C. W. wish them every happiness in their respective fields of endeavor.

FLORIDE ALLEN RECENTLY FROM PARIS WILL
SPEAK TO THE HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

Miss Floride Allen, one of our Alumnae, who has just returned from a six months stay in Paris, will speak to the Home Economics Club Tuesday, February 12, at 5:30 o'clock concerning the work in the Foyer International des Etudiants, a student hotel.

The cafe was under French management, but Miss Allen's work was the teaching of American Salads and Desserts. She will give us an interesting description of a Paris cafe.

May Miller, 1902, is Mrs. John Knox Franklin, Birmingham, Ala.

Lois Smith is now Mrs. Lawrence Goodrich, Richmond, Indiana.

Clara Lanier, '24, is in Kinston, N. C.

Alice Donovan, '24, is teaching in Valdosta, Ga.

Elma Jones, '26, is teaching in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Margaret Hawkins, '26, is teaching in Summerville, Ga.

Alzea Coleman, '27, is teaching in Blackwell, Ga.

Bessie Chupp, '16, is Mrs. George A. Coffee, Lithonia, Ga.

Elizabeth Barr, '28, is Mrs. W. D. Kahrst, Greenville, S. C.

Opal Gaulding, '24 is teaching in Birmingham, Ala.

Nan Wicker, '11, is Mrs. Nan Wicker Clements and is Principal of the Junior High School, Tifton, Ga.

Miss Freddie Pearl Isher, '24, is Mrs. L. M. Merriman, Vero Beach, Fla.

Marion Willis, '23, is Mrs. Hall, Miami, Fla.

Annie Lee Claxton, '23, is Mrs. Henry M. Newcome, Wrightsville, Ga.

Vera Mingledorf, '17, is teaching in Savannah, Ga.

Pearl Felts is in Ocala, Fla. She graduated in '24.

Mary Cotton is Mrs. H. H. Bartley, LaGrange, Ga.

Have we your permanent address? Please send the following information to Miss Marguerite Jackson, Secretary Alumnae Association Terrell Annex B, 607, Milledgeville, Georgia.

Your Maiden Name _____

Your Married Name _____

Year Graduated or Attended _____

Permanent Address _____

Occupation _____

Feature Section

LOUISE STANFORD, Editor

WITH APOLOGIES TO GELETT BURGESS

I never read a Feature Page
I never hope to read one;
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather read than write one.

MEN

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar or one idea at a time.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope, and charity—especially charity.

If you flatter a man you scare him to death; if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you wear gay colors and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; if you wear a tailor made suit and a little brown toque, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat. If you are a "clinging vine" type he doubts whether you have a brain; if you are a modern woman, advanced and independent, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; if you are brilliant, he long for a play-mate.

If you are popular with the men, he is jealous; if you are not, he hesitates to marry a wall-flower—so, "be yourself."

PHILOSOPHY OF EXAMS

Of two things, one is certain; Either you are prepared or you are not prepared.

If you are prepared there is no need to worry. If you are not prepared, of two things, one is certain: Either you'll cram all night or you'll refuse to study.

If you cram all night there is no need to worry. If you refuse to study, of two things, one is certain: Either you will have good luck, or you will flunk.

If you have good luck there is no need to worry. If you flunk of two things, one is certain: Either you will lose the credit or you will repeat the course.

If you lose the credit there is no need to worry. If you repeat the course there'll be plenty of time to worry.

NOTHING DONE

Winter is too cold for work;
Freezin' weather makes me shirk.

Spring comes on and finds me wishin'
I could end my days a fishin'.

Then in summer when it's hot,
I say work kin go to pot.

Autumn days, so calm an' hazy,
Sorter make me kinda lazy.

That's the way the seasons run,
Seems I can't get nothin' done.

—SAM S. STINSON.

CHARGE OF THE SKIRT PARADE

(With Apologies to Tennyson)

Half a leap, half a leap,
Half a leap onward,
Out of the bed they sprang,
Sprang the Six Hundred.
"Forward the skirt parade!
Charge for the skirts," she said:
Out of the room they ran
Ran the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their greetings rare,
Flashed as they turned on the stair,
Covering the rudeness there,
Shouting on the stair, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the kitchen smoke,
Right through the door they broke—
Large ones and small
Snatched from sleep they woke
Shattered and sundered.
Must they go back, but not—
Not the Six Hundred.

Grits to the right of them,
Grits to the left of them,
Grits behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with hash as well,
While hope and heart both fell,
They that had toiled so well
Came through the meal to tell
Back from the breakfast bell,
All that was left of them,
Left of the Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the rush they made!
Honor the skirt parade,
Noble Six Hundred.

MARIE

Swinging down the hall, straight and tall, with grace in every movement, smile on her face, and book in her hand, comes Marie, to the last room on the left—115—her "padding cell"—home from classes. Christmas behind her, final, ahead of her—in the near future—but June! Oh! James, his good-looking new sport roadster, wedding bells, the

honeymoon through the country to New Haven.

She flings herself dejectedly into a chair by the window, head in hands, and thinks, plans, reminisces. As she yawns, her long arms come into contact with—what?—a book. Her expression changes. The light in her eyes fades. Slowly, she picks up the book and opens it, and sits idly turning its pages. It falls from her lap, and is left alone, forgotten on the floor.

Again her face beams. She stares, blankly out the window. Even the bare, brown trees, the dead grass, and the slow drizzling rain look bright and happy to her today. Her gaze shifts to the walls of her room—a calendar! Eagerly she turns its pages, and counts—one, two—three, four months 'till June.

An inspiration! The well-worn stationery box! She draws it out eagerly and begins to write in her clear, fine hand,—school and all its cares forgotten, for what do they matter? She came only to take a correspondence course.

SCHEDULES

In September we welcomed heartily to our campus many new girls. Their advent brought smiles to Senior faces. We laughed at the various styles of uniform; we laughed when the Freshmen failed to go to meals and we smiled when they insisted on having a theater party downtown. But most of all, we were amused at their ridiculous schedules. Some of the more ambitious ones were taking thirty or more hours and clamoring for more. Others were scheduling advanced work. Those who would not have their degrees in one semester would probably be teachers in the college. When the schedule-worn girls tried to fit their classes to schedules the result was amazing and disappointing.

Yes, we laughed at those unexperienced Freshmen and enjoyed many pokes about them. The joke could be turned—but perhaps the Freshmen are too busy at present to bother.

The new semester begins and we meet Seniors roaming nonchalantly about the campus. If they are asked why they are not attending classes they will say, "Oh, I can't arrange my schedule." Poor dears, four years at G. S. C. W. with two schedules each year to arrange and yet they have not learned! The Freshmen are in the midst of classes and the Seniors are still puzzled as to what courses will be best. The mystery of it is that they are not so worried as the Freshmen were.

After two or three days when Seniors are reeled from the past semester a solution to the puzzle will dawn and the schedules will be made out—to everybody's satisfaction.

ON PHYSICAL TORTURE AND ELECTROCUTION

"Ye," I reflected as I cringed there, "after this I can appreciate the feelings of men scalped by Indians, and of prisoners about to be electrocuted."

Here another twist caused me almost to scream aloud. Would they never have me ready for "the chair"?

They had put so many things around my hair already. First a string, then a piece of wire that looked like a Christmas sparkler, a bit of cotton, and then another wrapping of string. This on forty-two different strands of hair. Then they had wrapped something around each wire, something that looked like cloth dipped in wet salt. Now they were clamping each piece to my head, but it felt as if forty-two people (instead of four) had hold of my hair and each was pulling his part as hard as possible.

"I guess they have four people," I reflected, "so that I can't tell which one is hurting me most."

Three clamps on each strand, next to my head, a rubber one, a cotton one, a steel one. And each clamp pulled my scalp a little tighter.

I looked at myself in the mirror. My head looked like a bristling porcupine, all the bristles white now and a piece of wire at the end. And my eyes were pulled upward, it seemed, by the screwing of the scalp.

Ouch! Which one of the four girls had put that clamp on? There goes another! Will they never be through?

But yes. Now they are putting a round paper roll over each piece of salted cloth projection, now pieces of white cotton cloth, around each round clamp next my head.

"All right," they say, as they lead me to "the chair."

While they are attaching the forty-two paper covered wires to forty-two electric sockets I reflect that I was foolish to sign that paper agreeing not to sue for damages. I am at the mercy of these people. Now they have turned on the current.

"Fifteen minutes," they say, and leave me to torture other girls.

I can't move my head. It seems to be growing crooked. I don't feel the hat yet. What is that sizzling sound? I know it isn't supposed to sound like that. What would I do if a fire broke out? They'd all leave me alone and I couldn't get out.

"Hasn't it been fifteen minutes?" I ask a girl who is beginning to wrap the hair of another victim.

"Only five," she says indifferently, not even looking at her watch.

Now I do feel the heat.

"Is it supposed to feel hot?" I ask the girl.

"Not too hot," she says, glancing at me.

How hot is "too hot"? I wonder. What if I should faint? I'd fall over and these electric affairs would pull my head off.

Now the heat is becoming more intense. "Isn't it time yet?" I ask another girl.

She pulls an electric socket off and looks at the wrapper. "Not brown enough," she says, but she does put some more cotton cloth around the clamps next my head.

Hotter. Now the tears are trickling from my eyes. My head has never been so heavy and so hot. Is it one of the forty-two parts or all of them that are too hot?

They have begun pulling some of the electric sockets off. A few they have to beat on to loosen. Those are burned, I guess. At last they have cut the current off!

And an hour later I leave the beauty parlor with a beautiful permanent wave.

"DAT'S FINE!"

"Five dollars worth of two's and three of one's," I said to the man at the window. While he was getting my stamps, I quite unscrupulously listened to a conversation taking place between two negroes near the window.

"Mawnin, Brudder Skinflint. How's you dis mawnin'?"

"I'e all right, Sis Jennings."

"You'se all right? Dat's fine! How's all yo' chilluns?"

"Dey's all right, too."

"Dey's all right, too? Dat's fine! How many chilluns you got, Brudder Skinflint?"

"I'se got fo' chilluns."

"You'se got fo' chilluns? Dat's fine! What's dey names?"

"What's dey names?"

"Oh, dey's named Rastus, 'n Jedge, 'n Lily, 'n Rose."

"Dey's named Rastus, 'n Jedge, 'n Lily, 'n Rose? Dat's fine! So you'se got fo' chilluns!"

"Yas, Sis Jennings I'se got fo' chilluns and dey's soon gwine ter think dey's bigger dan dey's papy."

"Bigger dan dey's pappy?"

"Here's your stamps, Miss," said the man at the window.

Unconsciously I answered, "Here's my stamps? That's fine!"

SOLOMON UP-TO-DATE

Beauty is often only skin dope.

Give a girl an inch and she will make a dress of it.

Gold digger's version: Nobody loves a flat man.

A drink in time will save nine—if it's wood alcohol.

Blood is thicker than water, but neither can touch post-office ink.

An honest confession is good for the soul, although so for the front-page story.

—Boston Transcript.

Social News

THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY

Madge: Kat, did you go to the play Saturday night?
Kat: No. Tell me about it.

Madge: Why, Kat! You're terrible. All you had to do all last week was make out your schedule and go to a few classes and stand a few finals and teach a few days in the practice school.

Kat: Yes? And help a few hundred Freshmen arrange their sight-singing and science schedules, and help entertain some departing Seniors, and send off sixteen letters of application and make a dress, and clean my room for inspection. I might mention chaperoning a crowd down town, too. Well, anyway, I didn't go to the play for I was too tired.

Madge: Well. I wish you knew what you missed. Laughs, wholesale and retail! Two hours of fun! Dr. Johnson coached it and, as she said, it was unique among her productions. She has never put on a love story before, she says, but after this we shall vote for love stories, one hundred per cent.

Katherine Harris, Julia Reese, Thelma Johnson, Idolene Crosby, Annie Joe Moye, Clara Carswell were all in it.

Kat: Yes, and Josephine Proctor, Martha Bass, and Lizzie May Gammage were too for I've heard them practicing for the longest.

Madge: Well, you know part of the story then, don't you? Just wait here a minute. I'm going to bring some of the characters in and ask them to act their parts just for you.

SENIOR CLASS HONORED

The Seniors are "all thrills" and are eagerly anticipating the reception Monday evening Feb. 11, to be given in the old executive Mansion by Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Beeson, our President and his wife.

The members of the Mercer Glee Club, who will give a performance in the college auditorium following the reception, will share honors with the Seniors.

Members of the faculty will also be present, including Miss Horsborough, violin teacher who has just returned from England, and Dr. Juanita Floyd, Professor of Spanish who has just become a member of the faculty.

The college orchestra and glee clubs will afford added pleasure by the rendition of special numbers throughout the evening.

The Seniors are sure this will be a memorable event for the class of '29.

Y. W. C. A. GIVES TEAS

Three lovely teas sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. were given during final examinations, Friday, Saturday, and Monday. The three divisions, Cabinet, Freshmen Council, and Sophomore Commission entertained in the order named. On Friday the "Y" colors, blue and white, were artistically used in the "Y" room and halls. Valentine and Washington's birthday ideas and colors were cleverly carried out Saturday and Monday. Each caller received dainty favors in keeping with the idea. Students and faculty called from three to six o'clock and every one agreed that examinations are not so bad when examination time is tea time.

DEPARTING SENIORS ENTERTAINED

On Monday January 28, the Executive Committee of the Clara Whorley Hasslock Home Economics Club entertained with a tea, honoring two of the retiring officers, Sallye Ruth Meadows and Ludwina Garrett. It was a lovely hospitable affair and seemed to exactly fit into our new tea room with its sunshine and soft green draperies. About fifty guests came to talk and have tea and say goodbye to the two girls.

NEW WORDS TO OLD TUNES

(Miss 1929 revises the "old, old story")

OH PROMISE ME

Oh, promise me a Lincoln limousine,
A mansion with servants to keep it clean,
A trip abroad each year in early spring,
And all the clothes I want, and everything.
You realize that I will stay in bed,
Until each day at noon, and then I'll rise,
But never work, no matter what the prize,
Oh promise me, oh promise me.

I LOVE YOU TRULY

I love you truly, truly dear,
As long as I have your frat pin to wear,
And you send me specials, and candy, and such,
I love you truly, very much.
I love you truly, truly dear,
Until another comes along,
And then I'll leave you with only a song,
That's how I love you, truly dear.

JUST A 'WEARYIN' FOR YOU

Just wearyin' for you, for your roadster of bright blue,
For the shows and food, and all,
That I get from you each call,
Since you've been gone I've been so blue
Just a wearyin' for you.

Jokes

Some people are so dumb that they think Theda Bara is Pall-bearer's sister.

—Yellow Jacket.

She was only an actor's daughter but she sure made a farce out of me.

—Yellow Jacket.

"I'll call you Almomo."

"Why?"

"So I can remember you."

—Yellow Jacket.

Chaplain to convict; "It's hard to die—but you'll get used to it."

—Yellow Jacket.

He: "You must take me for a fool."

She: "Well, I would if I wanted one."

—Yellow Jacket.

"Bring me another boiled egg, please."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, you might bring me a coop. The last one flew away."

—Yellow Jacket.

"Why can't you bob your hair?"

"I can't decide whether to make it look like a whisk broom or a feather duster."

—College Humor

He: "What would you say if I were to ask you to marry me?"

She: "Nothing. I can't talk and laugh at the same time."

—College Humor

HE AND SHE

"When I am dead, you'll find it hard," said he,

"To ever find another man like me."

"What makes you think, as I suppose you do,

I'll ever want another man like you?"

—By Ironquill.

POST GRADUATE LITERATURE

College Senior—"What would you advise me to read after graduation?"

English Professor—"The 'Help Wanted Column.'"

—Lafayette Lyre.

Student (being arrested:) "But officer, I'm not a student."

Officer: "Ignorance is no excuse."

—Gargoyle.

If John Smith played poker with Pocahontas, would William Tell?

—Yellow Jacket.

"I call her my Samoa girl."

"Why so?"

"Because she's always wanting Samoa of this and Samoa of that."

—Yellow Jacket.

YAWN PROVOKER

"I wish," said the club bore, "that one of you chaps would give me a cure for insomnia."

"Have you ver," remarked one of his victims, "tried talking to yourself?"

—Bystander (London.)

Patrick Henry Jones upon request of the preacher that he lead in prayer began, "Our—er, our—. Tut, tut, tut, tut, tut. Why can't think of that man's name?"

"Father," prompted one of the deacons.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Patrick Henry, "We was jes: tall'in' 'bout dat man dis mawnin'."

Jim Hawkins, the news-boy-boot-black-taxi-driver of the town was nosily snoring away in the farthest corner of the church. "And now," yelled the parson from the pulpit, "we will conclude dis service in de worshup ob de Lawd by calling on our brother to pray which is settin' in de back dere—Mr. Jim Hawkins."

Jim Hawkins rose up in his seat and shouted, "Macon News, five cents."

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The smooth face brick, also common brick used in erecting the Park's Memorial Hospital, our New Dormitory, and many of our other buildings at G. S. C. W. were made by The Milledgeville Brick Works Co

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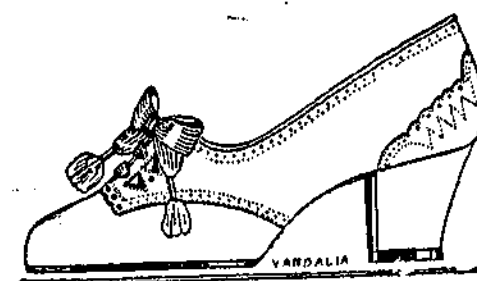
"The Shop Worn Angel."

"The Street Angel."

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